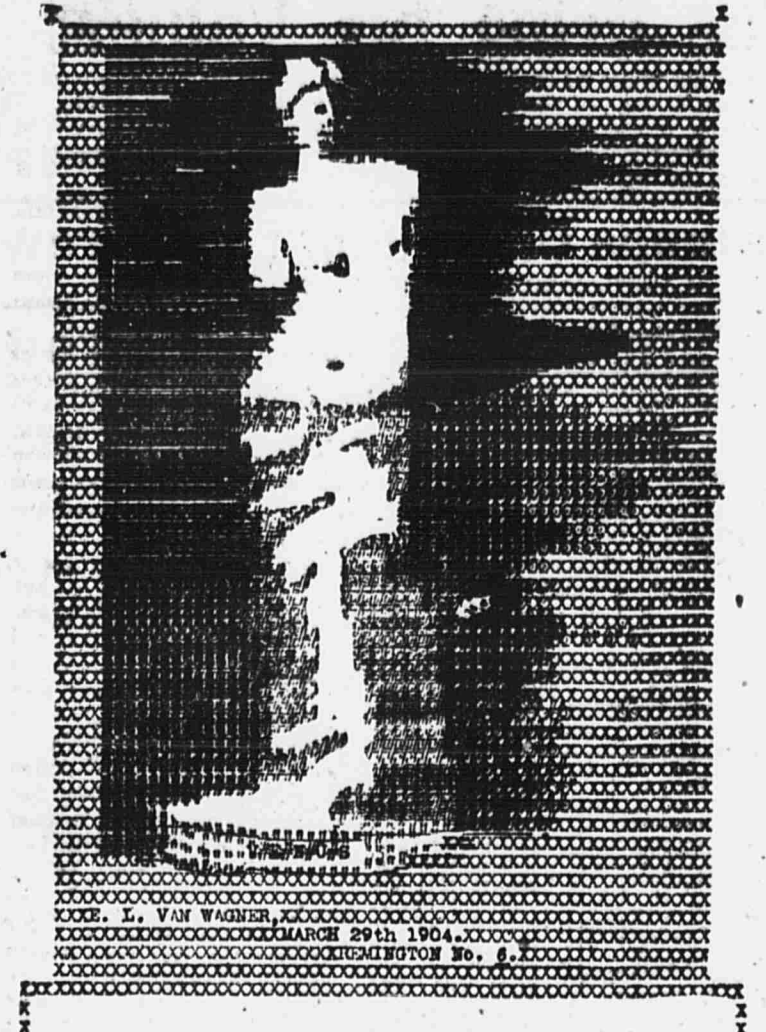
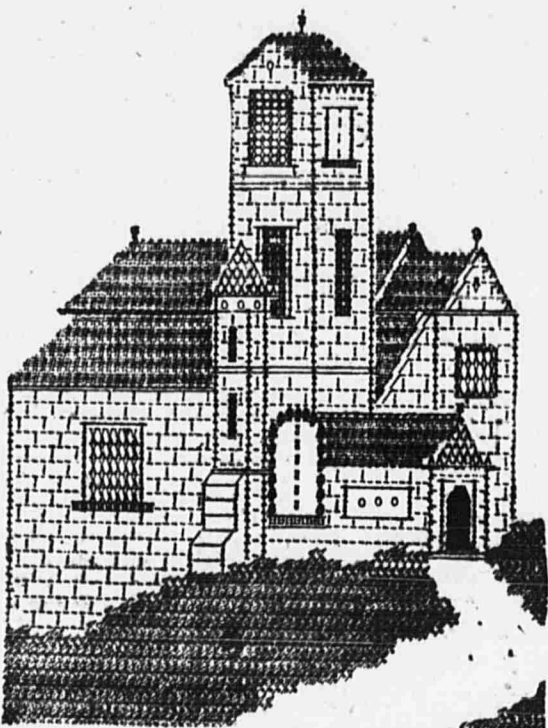


New York Typewriters  
Click Out Good Pictures.

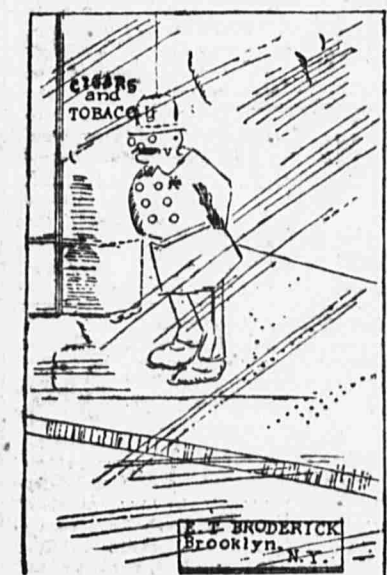
"Venus de Milo." By E. L. Van Wagner.

NEW YORK operators on type-writing machines are not willing to let Chicago craftsmen in the same line vanquish them in the making of typewritten pictures. A few days ago The Evening World printed three examples of Chicago's best work in this respect. Since then local typewriter operators have sent to The Evening World specimens of their art work, and some of these are here reproduced. Unfortunately many submitted pictures were purple or blue ink, which will not photograph. The pictures must be done in black ink—carbon copies will do—or else they cannot be used, no matter how excellent they are. The most difficult achievement offered here by New York typewriters is the "Venus de Milo," which is the work of E. L. Van Wagner, who is connected with the Inspector's Office, Third District, Police Department. Mr. Van Wagner wrote: "I herewith submit a carbon copy of a picture made by me this date, which my friends believe compares quite favorably with those of a Western make. The figures used con-



Remington machine in just thirty minutes.

Others who have sent in typewritten pictures are August M. Gahrn, Castleton Corners, S. I., and Miss Rita M. A. Robinson, Greenwood avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y.



The Policeman.

sisted chiefly of Xs, quotation marks, dollar signs and is. The "Malvern Church," by Thomas Curtis, was made by him in 1888, and is sent in to show that New York was doing this sort of thing long before Chicago thought of it. Mr. Curtis, whose address is No. 140 Fort Greene place, Brooklyn, sent several other excellent specimens of his work.

The "Policeman," by E. Taylor Broderick, of the Traffic Manager's office, Merchants' Despatch Transportation Company, No. 231 Broadway, copied this figure from one of Gene Carr's "Mrs. Nagg" illustrations. It was done on a

A Moment of Dread. Patient—What are the things I must avoid, doctor? Physician—Pork, mackerel, tea, coffee, oatmeal, rice. Patient—(With a gasp)—Rye? Physician—In the form of bread. Patient—All right, doctor. Go on.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Pickle. Mrs. Muldoon—Th' trouble wid my husband is that he never sticks to any wain thing more'n a week. Mr. Mc McGrogan—Tee, do him justice, Mrs. Muldoon. OI never saw a firmer man than your husband phin he comes to a shrike.—The Gateway.

## A WONDERFUL DETECTIVE STORY.

## The Fatal Chord,

or the Baffling Mystery of the Carnegie Hall Murder.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Cyril Ballard, a young New Yorker, is killed during a musicale at Paul Craddock's apartments in Carnegie Hall. Several apparently supernatural events attend his death. Police tablets, also, are found in his pocket, but the autopsy reveals no trace of the murderer. As Gresham and Beckwith, two detectives, are discussing the affair they are joined by a tall, thin Englishman, whom Beckwith introduces to Gresham as the "ideal detective." To which Gresham replies: "Do you mean to tell me this is SHERLOCK HOLMES?"

The other makes an evasive reply and tells Gresham that the latter may refer to him merely as "The Englishman." The Englishman undertakes to solve the Ballard mystery.

## CHAPTER III.

## Introducing Several Lovers.

THE second of Mr. Paul Craddock's exclusive and brilliant musicales, as the society papers termed it, was in progress.

The fact that these musical evenings, which the death of Cyril Ballard had so tragically interrupted, was to have had as its chief feature the initial rendition of Sturd von Ricker's new opus "Alnaschar."

To-night, a month later, the same indulgence was offered. Despite the memory of that tragedy so recently enacted there, many members of New York's artistic and musical as well as of its society circles eagerly welcomed the opportunity to throng to Craddock's rooms at Carnegie Hall. Paul Craddock was a man who had long been a colonial entertainer. When he did so the occasion was usually one not lightly to be missed. For Craddock had reduced to a science the difficult art of successful entertaining. People who went to his "affairs" were not forced to talk to un congenial, but were allowed to do pretty much as they pleased. Craddock seemingly taking no especial heed of their doings, yet all the time contriving to set every one at ease. There was, too, always some special attraction offered there.

The host, a man of perhaps forty, powerfully yet lightly built, a pointed black beard lending a foreign air to his dark, strong face, stood out from the crowd of guests as a striking figure everywhere. He had that nameless air of distinction which nothing but centuries of high breeding can give and which is (falsely, as a rule) attributed to royalty.

His deep-set eyes swept the rooms, seemingly without purpose, until they rested on a woman's profile, thrown into cameo-like relief for a moment against the dark red portieres of a bay window that concealed the rest of her figure. With apparent aimlessness Paul made his way through the group of guests, reached the bay window and, drawing aside the portieres, sank into the cushioned window seat at the girl's side.

She had looked up quickly, eagerly, at his approach. On recognizing him, a slight cloud, imperceptible to less keen eyes than Paul Craddock's, had crossed her face.

Craddock at once divined that she had been waiting there for some one else, for some one whose presence would have been for her more welcome. Tactfully he made no allusion to this, but entered into casual talk.

"It was good of you to come to-night, Miss Durand," he began, "and to brave the sad memories that the sight of my rooms must bring. I was half afraid no one would venture here after the tragedy that stopped my last little mu-

sicals. It must be doubly hard on a sensitive, artistic nature like von Ricker's."

"Mr. Craddock," said the girl, impulsively, "I came here to-night more for a word with you than for the music."

"Yes?" interpolated Paul, courteously, as she hesitated: "you were waiting here in the bay-window for me?"

"No," she answered, frankly: "I was waiting for Sturd von Ricker. I knew he would come here to look for me as soon as he arrived."

"That isn't very complimentary to

your secret betrothal to von Ricker. That should have been enough for me, but it was not. Like a fool, like a raw schoolboy, I begged you, on the night Ballard died here, to reconsider your decision."

The girl glanced up protestingly, but he continued: "When you refused I lost myself for the moment, for the first time in ten years. I have a fearful temper. It is the one thing on earth I dread, and for years I have been able to keep it under control. But that night all that world seemed to crumble away, and I lost hold of my temper. I told you that was strong in every way than von Ricker, that I could make a woman of

his face, leaving it perhaps a shade paler than usual. 'Thank you,' he repeated. 'Then, as his quick ear noted I slight still in the main drawing-room. Ah, von Ricker must have come. I'll go and speak to him. I ought not to have left my guest so long.'

He rose and left her. She looked after him wistfully. "How splendid and strong he is!" she murmured. "The sort of mysterious, great-hearted man women adore and make a hero of. Perhaps—if I did never meet Sturd—"

Her sentence was unfinished, for a second man paused before the half-closed portieres.

"Sturd!" she exclaimed, rising and,

## A THREAT AND ITS EFFECT.



"It's—it's a lie!" he murmured feebly.

he said Craddock, with a smile, "but a girl with eyes like yours couldn't lie. Yet you said you wanted a word with me during the evening. Pardon von Ricker's arrival, perhaps you'll."

"Mr. Craddock," she interrupted, "I don't like to bring up the subject. It is not pleasant to either of us, but—"

"Let me save you the trouble, then. Some time ago I begged you to do me the great honor to be my wife. It meant a great deal to me. You may not believe me when I tell you, that though I have reached forty years, you are the first woman I ever asked to marry me. I only mention this to show you that mine was not a mere passing love, but one that filled and mastered my whole being. It was the first emotion I ever had that ruled me. All that cannot be of interest to you. But it will perhaps explain and palliate what followed. You did not, could not, regard me as anything more than a friend—a good, loyal, devoted friend, I trust—and you told me so, very kindly but very honestly. You even told me your own heart secret—"

your splendid type happier than he could. I even sank to the wild threat that I would prevent your throwing yourself away on such a man. I rehearse that scene now to punish myself still further, though I shame and self-contempt it gave me have never been for a moment absent from my heart since that day. Words were those of a coward, of a cut. I not only insulted the woman I most honor in all the world, but I spoke shamefully of the true man whom I am proud to call my friend. It was to ask an explanation of all this that you wished to speak to me to-night, was it not?"

His earnestness, the evident humiliation of this proud man, usually as strong, so silent, appealed to Iris Durand even more than did his words themselves. She had an impressive hand on his arm, and the light touch thrilled him like a chord of wild music.

"Don't!" she begged. "It is horrible to hear a man like you speaking that way of himself. There is nothing more to be said about it. I understand, I think, and if you want my forgiveness, my continued friendship—they are both kept on being friends, and let's both forget anything unpleasant that's happened."

"Thank you," said Craddock simply. The unwanted emotion had passed from

concealed by the shadow of the curtain, grasping the newcomer's hand in both of hers. "I thought you were never coming. What detained you?"

The newcomer, a slender tall man, with big blue eyes, a boyish face and a shock of yellow hair, answered with a slight German accent: "I am sorry I kept you waiting, I believe. I am Dr. Charles Beckwith, and an English friend of Dr. Joseph Watts. We all came here together. Have you waited long?"

"Only a few minutes. Did you enjoy the dinner?"

"Very much. I saw Mrs. Kell-Brown, with, and I like to hear stories of his adventures in his role of 'Millionaire Detective.' His friend, Dr. Joseph Watts, and an English friend of Dr. Joseph Watts. We all came here together. Have you waited long?"

"Only a few minutes. Did you enjoy the dinner?"

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## Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

Illustrated by GENE CARR.

(Copyright, 1904, by the Press Publishing Company, The New York World.)



GENE CARR.

"See the ruins of the big fire, you say? My own life is a scorched and withered ruin."

MOUNT ROYAL STATION, Baltimore? Do we get out here? "Well, why don't you say so?" "You did say so, you say?" "Oh, Mr. Nagg, just this once, if not for my sake, for the sake of others, do not begin to snarl!" "How I have stood this long and tire-some journey without being prostrated I do not know."

"But what I do know is, put a woman of a peevish disposition in my place and she would have probably fretted and criticised."

"Only my sunny nature could have borne with your constant bickering since we left New York."

"Why do you treat me this way, Mr. Nagg? Here I have come on this little trip for rest and quiet, and I do not be-

lieve you have spoken to me three times since we left Philadelphia. "Where shall we stop at the Belvidere or the Stafford? Oh, don't ask me! I would be content with a cot in the forest wild if only you would have some feeling for me."

"I never complain, I never say a word, but my mother and my little brother Willie will tell you how many hundreds, yes, thousands, of times, I have said, 'That man Nagg is worrying the heart and soul out of me. I can't stand it any more, I just can't!'"

"Where did you tell the cab driver to take us? To the Belvidere?"

"I said the Stafford. I said the Stafford distinctly. I beg your pardon, I said the Stafford."

"We are going to the Stafford, you say?" "That's right! That's right! Ignore me! Treat me as if I were an imbecile. Never by any chance let me have a word to say or a choice in anything!" "Let us go down and see the ruins of the big fire, you say?" "Do you think I came all the way to Baltimore to see ruins?" "You would just as lief not see them, you say?"

"Why, Mr. Nagg! What did we come to Baltimore for? I have never had any pleasure in it, and I have never had anything cheerful and inspiring, and so I had set my heart on seeing the ruins. My own life is a ruin! A withered, ruin, a mere and scorched ruin!"

"And who has made it so?"

"Why, you, you, you! With your cruelty and indifference and neglect,

your constant snarling and fault finding! "So these are the ruins? Seventy-five acres and ninety millions of dollars' worth of damage?" "Pooh, it only looks like the debris of brick, iron and timber from a lot of burned buildings!" "It is nothing to the devastation of little some in Brooklyn which burned down the fourth winter my poor papa was out of work."

"Poor papa had just insured it the day before, and he had such a premonition that we were to be the first to see it!"

"I do not think these ruins are at all artistic. Why isn't there live growing over them?"

"You don't care. Oh, I shall never be happy again."

"Take me somewhere where we can get some nice deviled crabs!"

"My dear Royce," she whispered passionately, "you really think you could evade me? Have you written me, tried to wangle your way, and in every way sought an opportunity to escape your brother's death, but you have refused? Why?"

"Because there is nothing to be said between us," growled Royce Ballard.

"There is a great deal to be said," she cried in vehemence. "You induced your brother to break his engagement with me. You wanted me to marry you. Do you think I am the sort of woman to be cast aside like that?"

"Nonsense! Bona! Don't make a scene. I'm too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor! You are my brother's wealth when the estate is settled. I ask you once more: Do you mean to keep your word?"

"And marry the fair Bona Pittani, whom my brother liked? Scarcely! You—you lied to me then?"

"Don't talk to me now! I want to listen to von Ricker's playing."

"You cur! You would put me off like this? Deceive me in my own home? You were to marry me, and then throw me away like an old glove?"

"My dear Bona! Don't you see you're scolding all my enjoyment of the music? If you don't stop talking I shall be obliged to move out into the room."

"Do!" she hissed, furiously. "Do, and swear I will denounce you before everyone here!"

"Denounce me for failing to relish the notion of marrying my brother's cast-off sweetheart? I leave you to imagine which of us would suffer most from such a scene."

He had risen and took a step toward the rest of the guests.

But Bona laid a detaining hand on his arm. The fury had cleared from his face.

"No," she said, "don't leave me. I know how low, how despicable a thing you are, and yet—yet God help me, I love you. Can't let you go like this? Be a man. Be your better self. Redeem your pledge to marry me. No other choice for me. Ah, Royce, would you give me the chance and I will prove it to you."

"You're attracted by me? You're attracted by me?"

"He caught the white detaining hand that clutched his arm, and when he it loose with a brutal force that almost wrenched it from his grasp."

The gesture transformed her in an instant from a pleading, passionate woman into a cold, pallid and shaking, his seat.

"Go, then, she whispered hoarsely, 'and at the first step you take I will cry out denounce you for not of winning and casting away my love, but of—'"

She whispered a half dozen words in his ear.

"It's—it's a lie!" he murmured feebly.

"What wretched, lying man!" she cried, and she turned away, her face as white as a sheet. "Just as it was growing interesting she spoke so low I could not hear a word she said."

(To be continued.)

## Evening World Fashion Hints.

Patterns by May Manton.



## An Afternoon Gown.

THIS afternoon gown is of royal blue Sicilian mohair and the pipings in the same color, with tiny black and gold buttons, while the tucked front is of soft silk.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and is closed invisibly beneath the edge of the left front. The sleeves are snug above the elbows, but fall full. The skirt is cut in seven boxes that flare.

Material for medium size is, for waist 4-4 1/2 yards 21 or 27, or 3-5 yards 4 inches wide, with 5-8 yard of silk for the vest; for skirt, 9-13 yards 21, 4-1-2 yards 44 or 4-1-8 yards 52 inches wide, when material has figure or nap, 3-1-2 yards 44 or 3-1-4 yards 52 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. Waist pattern 4584, for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, will be mailed for 10 cents. Skirt pattern 4615, for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure, will also be mailed for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

## OPTICURA

Is an eye water which will give instant relief to sore eyes, As prepared by DR. VON GRAEFFE, Price 25c. At Druggists and Opticians. Optician Specialty Co., 15 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

## AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way & 40th St. Augustus Thomas' "THE OTHER GIRL." Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

HERALD 30, THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

FROM KAY'S, 5000. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

HUDSON, THEATRE, 14th St. & B'way & 6th av. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

ETHEL BARRYMORE, KATE. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

ELEANOR ROBSON, MILDRED. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

SPECIAL MATINEE THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

MISS JOSEPHINE ARTHUR presents "THE HOUR GLASS," by Wm. F. Yeats. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

SAVOY, THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SUE. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

GARDEN THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

NEW LYCEUM, West 45th St. & B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

CHARLES HAWTREY SALLY. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

DALY'S B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

CRITICON THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

WILLIAM COLLIER THE DICTATOR. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

"Collier at his very best."—Mail.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

Greater and More Successful Than Ever.

W. CRANE DAVID. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

MAJESTIC. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

WIZARD OF OZ. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

KNICKERBOCKER, Broadway & 35th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

WRIGHT LORIMER. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THE SHEPHERD KING. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

Manhattan. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THE VIRGINIAN. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

W. STAR. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

KEITH'S. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

METROPOLIS. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

PRINCESS. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

"AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE." Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

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